

# JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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GAINESBORO, TENN., THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1919

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## JIM DRAPER RELATES INTERESTING INCIDENTS ABOUT SHIPMATES.

(continued from last week)

U. S. S. Quincy,  
Genoa Italy, Dec. 14

You know there is no joy equal to that of spending money. He will give every beggar (and there are thousands of 'em) a handout, and every brat a few pennies. He buys something of nearly everything he sees, and often gives it away before he goes a block, and when he wants anything, he doesn't inquire the price, and lots of times even refuses to take the change, but tells them to keep it, which they invariably do, with many thanks and bows; and I suppose we have no kick coming, as long as we encourage them in it. It has gotten so now that if you buy anything, they are more than likely not to offer you change at all and if you want it, you must ask for it. This surprises, and sometimes almost offends them.

Their money is printed on the cheapest kind of paper, and will wear out in your pocket in a day or two. I have seen fellows throw away a handful of pieces, without trying to put them together. Their big bills are about the size of a high school diploma, and the smallest one about like a cigarette coupon, and a fist full of it may not be worth more than two dollars. A common sailor gets more money per month than an Italian captain, and there's nothing too expensive for him, he has the price. Most of the boys eat in most fashionable places in town, where nothing but the richest class of Genoa can afford to dine. One sees them going around town with money sticking out of pockets and blouses as if it were the cheapest stuff in the world. The gob over here gets what he wants, for he is pretty much of a law unto himself, but he pays three prices for it.

There are soldiers galore here—of all the Allies. The Italians predominate, of course, then come the French, then the English, then the Americans. One regiment of American infantry is quartered here, and there are several hundred sailors always around from the ships which are always in the harbor. There are some two hundred American nurses in town, a hundred and forty having come in last evening, and a few members of American ambulance units. Even if one doesn't understand a word of Italian, he can get along fairly well in his own language.

For the past five days, I haven't had anything to do, except look around the city, as the Old Man is away, but I understand that he is coming back tomorrow, and that means that I'll be busy as a Turk for the next two weeks, and that I can write no more letters, to speak of, during that time. However, I'll send a card now and then.

Everybody is keyed up to a high pitch in hourly expectation of mail from home. We have been informed today that it may arrive at any time, so a mail orderly goes for it twice a day, although his trips have proven fruitless so far. A few letters from home will go a long way toward making a Merry Xmas. Did you get my Christmas card? I sent all of you one.

Spent last evening in town

talking with the girls (Red Cross units) who came in a day or two ago. It was their last night here, and a dance was held in their honor at the "Y". I met about forty of them, I reckon, and a number of them knew people whom I knew. One girl, from the Smith's College Unit who is going to do canteen work in Paris, and who lives in Virginia, knew practically all my friends around City Point and Hopewell, and I met a girl from Harriman, who knows a number of our kinspeople, including Nettie Graves and her folk.

The girls were just bubbling over with enthusiasm and having the time of their lives seeing the town in company with American and Italian soldiers and sailors. Five other fellows and I had six of them yesterday showing them around. There were fellows here from the States who hadn't seen an American girl in fifteen months, and you can imagine how good these girls looked to them. There were a hundred and fifty-two of the girls, about two dozen of whom were nurses and the remainder laboratory and canteen workers and entertainers. These entertainers have the best jobs. All they have to do is to talk to convalescent soldiers and read to them and write letters for them and sing and dance and jump through a hoop—anything that will make a doughboy forget his troubles and laugh. How would that appeal to you. I almost wish I were wounded slightly. They left the city this morning for different parts of France and Italy.

A story is told of one girl in the bunch who got in bad with nearly everybody. Someone mistook her for a nurse, or asked her if that was what she was. No, indeed, she was no nurse. She was no common mortal, but some society queen, and didn't have to work, I suppose she came over to pose before the fellows and let them admire her. A sailor politely told her that he didn't think any more of her because she was what she was, and that, personally, he preferred a nurse every time. All her standing in society will do her no good over here. The girl with the bright smile and the pleasant word is the one who will be in demand.

Life is rather dull in port now just before pay day. Nothing happens to vary the monotony, except an occasional fight or a crap game. Yesterday, the ship's cook found the cat asleep in the sugar barrel, and he promptly lifted him out by the hind legs and heaved him overboard. The cat climbed back on the ship via the gangway, thus saving the cook's life. If the kitty had perished, the cook would have had to lick a dozen men. That's how much they think of a mascot in the navy. At any other time, the cook would have fought and bled for that cat, but when Tom invaded the sacred precincts of the galley, circumstances were altered, for he had committed the unpardonable sin.

(continued next week.)

### TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The David Loftis town property, consisting of dwelling, barn and the best garden spot in town. Good well water, Good location. For further particulars, call or see Dr. H. P. Loftis Gainesboro.

## JACKSON COUNTY HEROES "WITH THE COLORS"

The following letter from Herman Haile to his mother will be read with deep interest by his many friends in Jackson county. His reference as to what the Y. M. C. A. is doing for the soldiers, should be of a great consolation to all who have relatives, or friends in the army overseas.

Christmas Night,  
7:45 P. M.

Dear Mother:

I have enjoyed today very much, although I haven't hardly been out of my barracks. Our platoon had a Christmas tree of their own. The names of the men were dropped in a hat, and each man drew a name and bought a present for him, so every man in the platoon had a present on the tree.

At mess this morning we were given a coupon to go to the "Y" and get another present put up by the Y. M. C. A. At mess at noon we were given candy, and real good dinner, and tonight the "Y" is putting out hot chocolate free of charge. You can see from what I have said that the Y. M. C. A. are doing all in their power to make the boys over here comfortable, and to make things seem as near like things at home as possible. I can take my hat off to anybody that has been doing that kind of work. Some boys will say, if they were so patriotic, why didn't they go to the front? I feel that we all had a special part to play in this great war, and that was the task given them, which I think they have well done under the adverse circumstances, which they have had to contend with.

On Monday I received a letter from Jas. Draper, and he had heard that Luke Quarles was in Paris, but he hadn't been able to find him. Jim was in Paris the day President Wilson came in. He says the French people were so happy that they were hugging the American soldiers on every side of him, and that he was a victim several times.

The President was in about five kilometers of Langres today. Some of our boys went out to see him, and they report a wonderful time. I was sorry I didn't go after hearing of the time they had.

I will be here for one more week, I hear, but know for sure.

We take a physical examination tomorrow. I feel like I will go by it, just like I did the one at home, before coming into the army.

I wrote to Dr. Mabry a few days ago. I haven't heard from him since I came to school.

Jim Draper sent me the letter of Sergt. Anderson's. I am certainly glad for my friends to know just what the old Hickory has done, and for them to know what the part I played was, if it was small part. Everybody I hear from congratulates me on what was in the letter. I'm afraid I will have to band my head, if they keep it up.

It's been a few days since I received your last letter, and hope to get another soon.

With best wishes to all my friends.

Your son,  
Herman Haile,  
Fourth Co.,  
Army C. S. A. P. O.  
714, American E. F.

Somewhere in Luxemburg,  
December 20, 1918.

Dear Friend Tardy:

It has been sometime since I wrote you, and can bet that I have done lots to keep me busy, and from writing, since that time.

I have just returned from Germany, and am now in Luxemburg. Our Division was withdrawn from Germany for some reason, but we are now right on the border, and we may be sent back there, or we may move back into France again.

You would be shocked to see how costly things are in Germany and Luxemburg. You can't buy a meal for less than ten marks (that is equal to two dollars in our money.)

You can see that everything in this country was once in good condition, but the war has changed things. The people are still well fixed for living, outside of food. They are very good at making things just right, and they don't have things except the very best. The people are all very hard workers, and to my opinion it will not be long until conditions will be in good shape. The stores are not very well stocked with goods, but they seem to be picking up and beginning to get in goods now. The people are indeed glad that the war is over. They are all nice to the American soldiers, and they seem to be glad that their country is being occupied by American troops.

I have received several copies of the Sentinel, and was indeed glad to get them. I hope to be back in Gainesboro in a very short time. I am with a Chicago, Ill., regiment, and we think we will eat Easter dinner in the "Land of Liberty" and I believe we will.

Hope to get some Sentinel's in my next mail from home.

Yours very truly,  
A. M. Pate,  
132 Inf., Headquarters  
Co., 33 Div., A. P. O. 750.

France,  
Dec. 28, 1918.

Dear Mr. Tardy:

I had the pleasure of reading the Sentinel a few weeks ago, and was delighted to find many letters from the A. E. F. boys, there was one that I had written some months ago. The time that has elapsed since then has been filled with much excitement, unpleasant and pleasant moments, and a great victory, one that made the world rejoice. If you could have been here and seen how happy these dear old French were, when the glad news was received of the signing of the armistice, you would have been fully repaid for any hardship or sacrifice you have gone through on account of the war—that's the way we soldiers feel about it.

As the censor has been raised to some extent, I will tell something about my experience, but what I tell will be facts. We have read so many letters from our boys, that contained things that were absolutely untrue. For instance, I read a letter recently written by an A. E. F. boy, in which he stated about being tailed to shoot down an airplane, and he being a crack shot, brought it down the first shot. Now, that is impossible. I have seen machine guns, anti-air craft guns, and rifles used, and they

did not interfere with them. I have only seen one airplane brought down by a machine gun, and six companies fired at the plane. The pilot jumped out and by the aid of a parachute landed behind our lines unharmed.

Some of the hardest and cruellest fighting of the war occurred in the Argonne forests. The Germans had four years in which to fortify this devilish wilderness, and they sure had done a good job. As we advanced on this front we encountered heavy barbed wire entanglements, large trees laying at right angles covered the ground, and machine guns by the dozens were hidden among these barricades. Their dugouts were constructed of concrete, and furnished with good beds, bath equipment, electric lights, pianos, lace curtains at the windows, and other comforts. Judging from the preparations the Germans had made, they expected to make that their home for sometime to come. But they hadn't taken into consideration the strength and fighting force of the U. S. soldiers, and when we hit them, a backward move began, and they went so fast that we could not keep up with them by using cars and trucks.

There is one thing that we can't dope out, and that is why the newspapers referred to our Division was in reserve during the Argonne drive. Here is what we say, "if we were in reserve we have pity on those that were in the battle." We were there for 28 days, which was longer than any of those Division they say did so much.

I was wounded at Flaville, and was in the big drive at St. Mihiel. We were on the Toul front, which was our first front to hold. I have seen many air battles, and they are very interesting. I have been in Nancy, Toul, Clermont, Long Dejon, Pontamudon and many small cities and towns in France.

While in England I was in Liverpool, Manchester and South Hampton. Have seen some of Scotland and Ireland. Was in Dorahme, the birthplace of Joan Of Arc.

During a leave of absence of seven days in, visited La Baurboule in Southern France. Had a delightful time. A large Y. M. C. A. there afforded us many happy hours. I met some Japanese acrobates who been in Chattanooga and Nashville. The Y. M. C. girls were so kind to us, and we shall always remember them.

Christmas has come and gone and we had a delightful time, with lots of eat.

You will not receive this until after New Year's, but I wish you a happy one, and that the year 1919 will flood your pathway with happiness and rich blessings.

Your friend,  
Fred H. Richmond,  
Med. Det. 319 M. G.  
Bn., Annex Forces,  
France, A. P. O. 742.

Note—Richmond is a Jackson county boy, formerly living near Rough Point. His parents, Mr. Hardy Richmond, live near Daylight, Warren county.

### INTERESTING FARM ITEMS.

FARMERS—When you have anything you desire to sell, run an advertisement in the Sentinel. It won't cost you but little, and will save you trouble of hunting a buyer. Remember, the Sentinel is read by thousands each week.

## WHAT TO DO WHEN THE "17-YEAR-LOCUSTS" COMES IN 1919.

The year 1919 is likely to be one of the worst "locust years" on record. The periodical cicada the real name of the insect commonly called "locust" will appear this year in Tennessee.

The injury done by the periodical cicada consists almost wholly in chiseling grooves in the branches of trees for depositing eggs. This injury always appears to be greater than it actually is. Popular alarm is usually out of proportion to general damage.

Young fruit trees are sometimes killed by the cicada. The precautionary measures are: Defer putting our young fruit trees till next year; postpone budding operations. Talk with your county agent about pruning operations.

When the insects begin coming out, hand pick them from young fruit trees or spray them with pyrethrum powder, kerosene emulsions or a solution of carbolic acid or acetic acid.

Later, when the insects are ready to begin laying, spray young fruit trees with white-wash.

### How Advertising Paid.

He didn't have a dollar; he didn't have a dime. His clothes and shoes were looking just as though they'd served their time. He didn't try to kill himself to dodge misfortune's whacks. Instead, he got some ashes and he filled five dozen sacks. Then, next he begged a dollar. In the paper in the morn he advertised tin polish that would put the sun to scorn. He kept on advertising, and, just now, suffice to say, he's out in California at his cottage on the bay.

### Teachers' Examination.

The next State examination for teachers will be held March 13th. and 14th. Please have all, who expect to teach next year, and do not hold certificates, take this examination. The July examination is too late for all who expect to begin work before September 1st.

Sincerely,  
S. W. Sherrill.

## F. A. Kelly Writes Interesting Letter.

Gallatin, Tenn.,  
Feb. 3, 1919.

Editor of Sentinel:

Being a subscriber to your paper, and noting your request for letters from those who have gone from Jackson County I am writing this. Almost five years ago I moved from Jackson County and located at Gallatin, Tenn. and I presume, for the first time in a century there is not a Kelly in your County. Having been reared in Granville, and made it my home for more than 50 years, am naturally in closer sympathy with that immediate section, than anywhere. It is with pleasure, and we have good reason to think that the locks will be built, or begun in the near future, giving (continued to page 3)